sults were expected, but were not forth- was well up the Valley toward Wincoming or attained at dark of evening, chester and over to the southeast toward when the contest of arms closed for the Manassas. The crossing of the Potomac day and forever on that field.

detail, rather than by the combined force | the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountof the army. In fact, at no time was ains. To watch the movements of Lee an entire corps of the great Army of the | the Army of the Potomac was by divis-Potomac thrown against the enemy, ions and brigades stationed at the many The Fifth Corps, fully 12,000 strong, was gaps in these mountains for as much as held in reserve behind Antietam Creek, a week and without any shelter was a little to the left of center; Burnside's compelled to weather out the bleak Ninth Corps on the extreme left hold- winds of early November. Snow caught ing the approach to the bridge since the army at New Baltimore but a few named for him.



GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

That it was evident the rebel center was weak was proven by the fact that Capt. Dryer, 4th U. S., had ridden into the enemy's lines at Sharpsburg, and upon returning had reported there were but one Cenfederate battery and two regiments of infantry in front of Sharpsburg, connecting the wings of Lee's victim, after desperately casting about for army. Dryer was one of the

COOLEST AND BRAVEST of officers in our service.

Porter and McClellan were informed of what Capt. Dryer had seen, and on McClellan being inclined to forward the swered now small number of the Fifth Corps in reserve, at this time but 4,000 men, —er-er—," brightening up, "it would be a good deal for a trout."

"Remember, General, I command the last reserve of the last army of the Re-

It is needless to say the contemplated | vedding trip to Milvaukee? move was not executed. Some of us of that field knew of our own observation from the position at the sunken road at I could get a pass for. the edge of the cornfield that the rebels Were weak at that point, and that if prompt orders had been given the Regular regiments then and there engaging the enemy, that his center could be the reserve of the Fifth Corps in support from the center, and bringing up the It sounded out clear o'er the dark billows' rosr-Ninth from the left against the rebel record to-day, and a drawn battle would not have been the result.

ing day, and no effort was made by McClellan to

STAY HIS PROGRESS in crossing the broad Potomac.

It was 8 a. m. of the 19th before any I remember my joy when I held to my breast effort was made to cross the river in pursuit of Lee, and when the Fifth Corps did cross that morning, not a cavalry- And knew you would hear the voice of your dar-



GEN. FITZ JOHN POETER. man por piece of artillery accompanied the three infantry divisions, not even Gen. Porter himself. Not long after planting our feet once more on Virgin- tin roofing. The answer was: "I have ia's shores, we discovered, while marching | worked at it off and on, but have worked at inward from the river, through a deep cut, that the rebels in strong force had lined themselves up on either side of this deep cut, determined that as soon as the Federal troops got well past them they would rise up, fall on our rear, and make the entire Fifth Corps prisoners. But the enemy was discovered by Lovell and Warren in time to frustrate his designs. A halt was made, line-of-battle immediately formed, and falling back on the river with rebel artillery and infantry peppering us, we effected the but not at the expense of the witness, and crossing of the stream a second time within an hour. As we approached the

river in our retreat our artillery CAME TO THE RESCUE on the hill on the opposite side, and by cidents of the conference the world will probimmediately opening on the enemy over our heads, compelled him to be more Alexander H. Stephens, on of the three Comcareful in following us up. While ford-



GEN. A. E. BURNSIDE. killed and wounded, all of whom were mostly lost by drowning after being struck by the enemy's bullets. A new saluting the American flag, but La Motteregiment (the Corn Exchange of Phila- Picquet's was undoubtedly the first direct delphia) having crossed over after the and unqualified salute. It was not obtained Fifth Corps to the Virginia side, and Paul Jone's part, as the alliance between moving off to the right along the right France and the United States was not then bank of the Potomac, was captured signed; but when the French Admiral agreed entire by the rebels. A move on the to salute, he did it courteously, paying the Potomac was not made till the latter compliment of having his guns already manned when Paul Jones sailed through the facet.

This was the field of which great re- part of October, at which time Lee was made at Harper's Ferry, and the The battle was on the Federal side by line of march southward taken up along days before McClellan was relieved by Burnside, which left it in rather a bad

> plight for the new commander. get away from him at Antietam was the astonishment of the Army of the Potomac, which, under Little Mac, had been so often foiled by Lee. But it would seem that Fitz-John Porter held a controlling power ever the commander of the Army of the Potomac; as, for instance, witness his refusal to send forward his 4,000 of reserves at center when Capt. Dryer's report reached Mcby Gen. Porter toward Gen. Pope on the field of Groveton on the 29th day of the August previous.

Making Himself Agreeable. The happy father was exhibiting his first-

born to a friend possessing piscatorial procliv-" How much does it weigh," inquired the

something more complimentary to say. "Seven pounds and two ounces," replied the happy father. "Dressed-er-I mean stripped," asked

the friend auxiously. "Of course," the surprised father an-

"We-ell," began the friend, doubtfully, that isn't very much for a baby, is it? But

> The Course of True Love. [Life.]

Romeo Rosenstein-Suppose ve go on our

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER.

(Unknown.)

I remember a voice which once guided my way broken, and that by then advancing Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the When, lost on the sea, fog-enshrouded I lay;

"Come this way, my father! steer straight for right, a different Antietam would be on | Here, safe on the shore, I am waiting for three! I remember that voice 'midst rocks and through

breakers Lee withdrew at his leisure the follow- And high dashing spray; how sweet to my heart Did it sound from the shore, as it echoed out clear

> Steer straight for me; here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee!

The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest, For the tones of my child-"I called you, dear

Far o'er the dark sea, while safe on the shore

I was waiting for thee!" That voice is now hushed which then guided my

The form I then pressed is now mingled with clay; But the tones of my child still sound in my car-"I am calling you, father! O, can you not hear The voice of your darling as you toss on life's sea? For on the bright shore I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice; in many a lone hour It speaks to my heart, with fresh beauty and And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled wave,

And sounds from loved lips that lie in the grave-"Come this way, my father! O, steer straight for

Here safely in Heaven I am waiting for thee." E. E. DANIELS, Scorboro, Me.

> Made Clear at Last. [Harper's Magazine.]

A lawyer noted for his success on crossexamination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of it steady for the past 12 years." "How long off and on have you worked at

"Sixty-five years." "How old are you?"

"Sixty-five." "Then you have been a tin roofer from

"No sir; of course I haven't." "Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade 65 years?"

Because you asked how long off and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on 65 years-20 years on and 45 years off." Here there was a roar in the courtroom, his inquisitor hurriedly finished his examination in great confusion.

Lincoln's Shrewd Rejoinder.

Noah Brooks in his article on Lincoln in The Century says: But among the various inmissioners, who, afterward writing of the event, said that Mr. Hunter made a long ing the river the corps lost some men in reply to the President's refusal to recognize another government inside of that of which he alone was President by receiving Ambassadors to treat for peace. "Mr. Hunter," says Stephens, "referred to the correspondence between King Charles I, and his Parliament as a trustworthy precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: 'Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I do not pretend to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head.' That settled Mr. Hunter for a while."

First Foreign Salute to Our Flag.

Molly Elliot Seawell in an article on Paul Jones in the April Century says: In Quiberon Bay there was a great French fleet under the command of Admiral La Motte-Picquet, and from him Paul Jones obtained what he claimed to be the first foreign salute ever given the American flag. It is true that the Governor of one of the Dutch West India Islands had got in trouble the year before for

and then she took out of a drawer of the

The Story of a Beautiful Polish Spy.

TRANSLATED BY E. C. WAGGENER.

EDWIGA. COUNTESS OF Wasilewski, was a beautiful Polish girl, with a patriotic love for her own country. Her father had been sent to Siberia by the Rossian Government for writing a

powerful pamphlet upon the wrongs of Poland. Her mother, left alone and desolate, endeavored to bring up her children with a wholesome dread of revolutionary projects; and Halina, her eldest daughter, as gentle That McClellan should allow Lee to as she was beautiful, was acknowleded by all to be absolutely innocent of any association with patriotic schemes for the deliverance of her country.

Hedwiga, however, was made of different metal; perhaps ber father's blood ran more strengly in her veins, for from her earliest youth Polish literature, Polish songs, Polish patriots excited her passionate enthusiasm. The Countess of Wasilewski and her two daughters were passing the Winter in Warsaw when a letter arrived one morning from an influential friend at the Russian Court to say if they would come immediately to St. Clellan, and was about to order the move Petersburg he could arrange an interview to be made. Herein we have something | with the Czar, when site could plead for the of the same generalship as was enacted return of her husband, and there was little doubt that the petition would be granted under certain reasonable conditions.

The Countess, overjoyed at the prospect of the Count's return, at once gave a reception to her friends before leaving Warsaw. The large apartments, brilliantly illumi-

nated, quickly filled with bright and animated guests. One specially handsome young man sought out Hedwiga from the first with ardent admiration shining in his dark eyes. At last he found a long desired oppor-

tunity of speaking to her alone. He noticed that a small room leading out of the salon was deserted, everyone having clustered around the piano in the large apartment, and, without delay, he led her into it. "And so, Hedwiga, you are going to St.

Petersburg?" "Yes," she answered; "the day after tomorrow."

"And when do you return?" "I cannot say, but I hope as soon as possible, for I hate going. I hate to leave my own dear, beautiful country to go to Russia. I hate to think we are to cringe before the coiffeur's window. oppressor of our race. Even to obtain the release of my father, I would not so humble it into a fine rope, she sewed it strongly on Juliet Jacobs-Vy should ve go to Milvau- myself if I were a free agent-I, one of the top of the improvised tail, and, with a Romeo Rosenstein-It vos der furdest place | her blue eyes flashed fire, while she clenched

her hands nervously. Andre watched her admiringly, then his face changed, and a quick look came over it. He glanced anxiously around him, then, laying his hand on hers, he whispered: "Hedwiga, do you really love Poland? Then will you do something to help on the cause? Hush! People are coming! We must do nothing to excite suspicion. Come, look at these photographs. There, they have passed! Hedwiga, can you think of some

for your country?" "I can and will; come and see us to-morrow at 4 o'clock, and I will find an opportunity of speaking to you alone. This is a good photograph of Paris?" she continued, O'er the dark billows' roar, "Come this way, my | aloud; but we have been looking at them long enough. We must join the others in the music room."

way in which you can conceal a paper and

carry it to St. Petersburg? Can you do this

The guests had all left, and the lights were out in every apartment but one, and there sat Hedwiga, deep in thought.

"They are sure to search us, she murmured to herself. "Where, oh where, shall I hide the paper which Andre will give me?" Suddenly her eyes lit up. "Yes, that will do!" she cried aloud. Then she undressed, combed out her long, magnificent hair and was soon fast asleep.

The next day Andre was to come, and all the afternoon the girl waited about in frightful anxiety, lest she should fail in obtaining a few minutes alone with him.

On his arrival he was shown into the room where her mother and sister were seated, and all hope of a private interview seemed at an end. Hedwiga was distracted. At last, in desperation, she walked to the end of the long salon, stumbled, gave a little cry, and

Andre rushed, as she expected, to her as-

"It's nothing," she called to her mother; 'I have only twisted my ankle." Then in a whisper: "Quick, give me the paper! I You will guard it?"

"With my life!" And she thrust the roll into the front of her dress. "It is not like you, my daughter, to be



awkward. What was the matter?" asked

her mother, from behind the tea urn. "Nothing, indeed, mother dear. I caught | the first to take the initiative. my loot in a rug, and in trying to save my self I twisted my ankle," Hedwiga answered, the color flying into her cheek at the lies she was forced to utter.

As soon as Andre had made his adieux the Countess called her favorite daughter to her

"My dear child, Andre loves vou. Is it not so? I like him very much, so I am pleased to see his affection for you; but we must wait till your father is once more safe among us. While he is pining in exile we cannot be thinking of marriage. Is it not so, my child?

Hedwiga trembled, partly with natural emotion at hearing of Andre's love for her referred to, even by her mother, and partly with fear-that small roll of paper already seemed to weigh upon her breast like a bar of lead. And as she stooped to kiss her mother she could plainly hear it crackle, and she wondered why the Countess did not make some remark about it.

She longed to rush away to her own room and carry out her plan of concealment; but no sooner had her mother finished speaking than Halina called to her to help about packing some fancy work. Once, when she was bending back with her arms raised to fold a large piece of embroidery, Halina called out:

"How well that dress fits you, Hedwiga! I cannot see a fault, except, perhaps, a tmy fold across your chest. Why are you cross? she added, in surprise, as Hedwiga turned impatiently away, biting her lips with annoyance. Was the mere possession of that little piece of paper to change her whole character and turn her into a disagreeable, fretful woman?

At last she gained her own room. She drew down the blinds and locked the door, Prepare for Spring

make careful preparations.

or cooler clothing, as the case might ment below: keep you in good health.

If you were about to journey to a; The cures accomplished by Hood's warmer or colder climate you would Sarsaparilla tell what it does more eloquently than any argument which Besides taking a supply of warmer can be written. Read the frank state-

be, you would thoughtfully select a "Last spring, on account of overwork stock of medicines as safeguards to and bad humors, I became very much run down. About June a scrotula bunch ap-

Now we are all about to change to a peared on the left side of my collar bone. temperatures?

warmer climate, though not of our It was very sore continually, and after own volition, and what is more reason- a time my left arm began to feel disable than to take a reliable medicine to agreeable. In a short time it pained me resist the debilitating effects of higher nearly all the time. With that and the scrofula I was in perfect misery all through Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medi- the summer. I became so bad that my cine needed. It thoroughly expels friends tried to me get to have a doc-

Sarsaparilla

from the blood the impurities which tor, but I thought I would try Hood's have accumulated during the winter, Sarsaparilla. I have taken five bottles increases the appetite and improves and part of the sixth and am feeling like the digestion, drives away that tired myself again. I have gained flesh rapidly feeling and nervousness, and gives the The scrofula bunch and my lameness has strength and vigor without which we all gone, and I feel like a new creature." cannot appreciate beautiful Spring. It is Miss HATTIE M. CLARE, Parkman, Maine.

Spring

And the Best Blood Purifier.

dressing-table a large pair of scissors. She | must make haste, as the train will start imlet down her beautiful hair and cut off with | mediately." great care and discretion several gleaming tresses, which she lay, each separately, on her table till she had quite a row of long golden strands before her.

She drew the small roll from her breast, and cutting a piece of cambric from a fine handkerchief, she stitched the little parcel up in it. Then taking the bair she sewed one long strand after another upon the cambric, fastening the hair only at the ends and letting it hang down its full length over the packet, till at last it was completely hidden and enveloped in red shining tresses, which hung in her hand as she held it in natural varying lengths, like a false tail of hair in a

last of the race of the Wasilewskis!" and sigh of relief at the completion of the first tions on the cover of the packet; he was a a captain." part of her troublesome task, she lay it on



"CAN YOU FORGIVE ME, HEDWIGA?" Her next move was to brush the hair which hung about her like a glory. She made a swift parting over her face and own beautiful hair and rolled the whole first." glittering mass into a heavy knot behind her head. Her plan was accomplished; but would it succeed in escaping detection?

The next day they started on their journey, wrapped in furs from head to foot, and traveled comfortably till they arrived at a station about 10 miles from St. Petersburg, where they had to wait an hour.

came up to their carriage, saying that he was seau was in preparation, when one day the too distressed, but that he was compelled to | Count, with a very serious expression on his carry out most painful orders which he had | face, called Hedwigs to his study. received from headquarters. The fact was that the Government had re-

ceived information from Warsaw that a dan- His wife wants a companion to accompany gerous paper was now on its way to St. Petersburg, and that it was his most disagreeable duty to cause them to be searched. "And do you suppose, young man," said the Countess, sternly, "that I, on my way to crave a boon from the Czar, would choose this occasion to be the bearer of a paper which, if found in my possession, would ruin all my hopes and cause me to be forever separated from my husband? Do you think it is likely?" The young officer bowed and remained

silent, but fixed his keen eyes on Hedwiga's The supreme moment had arrived, and all the girl's courage came to her rescue. Her eyes met those of the young officer with quiet

disdain. Till now she had started at every sound. She had even wondered why she had been so rash as to undertake such a mission at such a moment, but now she was

"Come, dear mother," she said calmly, am sure this gentleman will do the best he can to make this insult as little odious as possible. We must not, dare not, complain, and we have nothing to fear."

The three ladies were conducted into a private office, where a female searcher await-

The Countess, then Halina, were subjected to a merely nominal examination; but when it came to Hedwiga's turn the woman allowed no article of her dress to pass unnoticed, even to unstitching the lining of her shoes and closely scrutinizing each fold of

"I cannot understand why she is so much more particular with you," said Halina, impatiently; but Hedwiga understood-some one must have overheard her tete-a-tete with Andre, and hence this careful search. Just as she finished dressing, the woman said, civilly :

"Will you kindly take down your hair? a heart-breaking sob; "but, oh, my poor regret giving you the trouble, but it is an | Andre!" important part of my duty." "Certainly," said Hedwiga, courteously; it is only done up with two large pins" and in a moment the rain of thick gold fell

down her back. As it dropped she thought

she heard distinctly the paper rustle, but,

without moving a muscle of her face, she took one of the long tortoise-shell pins and handed it to the woman. "You can see for yourself," she said. as she passed the other through her hair. "There is no need," the woman answered. 'I am quite satisfied. And now, ladies, you

OLD FOLKS' PAINS Full of comfort for all pains and weaknesses of the aged is the Cu-ticura Anti-Pain Plaster, warming, soothing, strengthening.

Hedwiga walked, leaving her hair streaming behind her, and was met at the door by the young officer, who saw them into the

train, with numerous apologies. Just as Hedwiga was stepping into the carriage he bent forward to assist her, and a piece of her hair caught on one of the buttons of his coat. He stooped and disentangled it slowly.

"Forgive me again," he murmured; "but t is a pleasure to touch such bair as this." Hedwiga bowed; her voice had deserted

the station, for the only time in her life, Hedwiga fainted. tutor in an English family resident in St

Petersburg. Hedwiga flew to her room. A pair of seissors quickly disclosed the packet; she thrust it into her dress, and in five minutes it was in the possession of the young Polish tutor. "What have you been doing?" cried Halina, coming into the room; "cutting off

your hair? And such a quantity, too!" "Never mind, darling; I am happy now. I have had such a weight on my head of late, and now it is quite gone. I know I mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this have been irritable and disagreeable the last paper, W. A. Noves, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. few days, but it is all over now;" and she threw her arms around her sister's neck. "But your beautiful hair, dear?"

door of the stove, Hedwiga threw in the thick tail and let it burn. Thus the paper safely reached its destination, and the object of their journey, too, was successful. The Count was allowed, by the clemency of the Czar, to return to Poland with his wife and daughters, and it was

"Oh, never mind that!" and, opening the

a happy day when they regained their own home and were welcomed by their friends. "Hedwiga was radiant. Andre came at once to congratulate them on the release of the Count; and in the Countess's little sitting-room they found a quiet corner in which to talk.

"O, Hedwiga, my darling, I have been so miserable while you were away! I hardly closed my eyes. I cursed myself again and down the back; then taking up the tail of again for having placed you in such a posi-hair from the table she plaited the fine little tion of danger. Had anything happened to rope into a small piece of that which grew on | you I had made up my mind to get myself her head, just above the nape of the neck, let-ting the tail hang down several inches by the forgive me, Hedwiga? I was thoughtless, twisted strand. Then she turned back her | mad! I ought to have thought of you

"Not before your country, Andre." "Yes, before everything? But now, my own, you will be my wife, and then I shall learn better how to take care of you," and Andre clasped her in his arms. "Yes, I will marry you, with my father's consent, Andre."

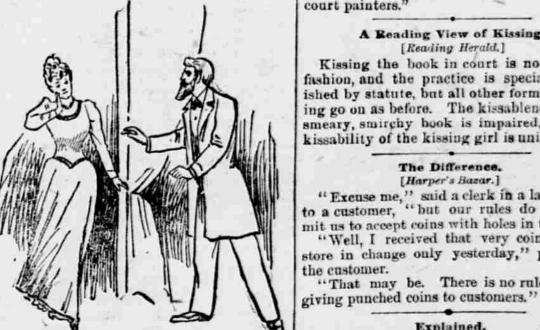
The consent was easily gained, the date of A young and good-looking Russian officer | the marriage fixed, and the wedding tros-

> "My dear child," he said, "I have just had a visit from an English friend of mine. petent. her back to England. Will you go with "Papa, I am to be married next week. What can you mean?" the girl exclaimed.

Are you mad?" "Hush!" he auswered. "Look at this." and he put a letter into her hand. It ran thus: FROM A FRIEND: Your daughter is to be appre-

ended for concealing and carrying a seditious golden bair always next his heart. She will under-Hedwiga read and understood.

"And must I go, father?" "Are you innocent? And if so, my poor child, can you prove it?" "No, I cannot. I must fly," she said, with



"ARE YOU INNOCENT?"

"He must wait." "Ah, you know what waiting for a pardon means in this country," and she fell, fainting into her father's arms.

Hedwiga in her exile-when her body ived but her soul felt dead-heard that on the very day of her departure for England Andre was arrested and sent to Siberia. She still waits for him, but she knows she will never see him again but through the gates of death.

Wife-I wonder where Mr. and Mrs. Hvflier will put all the people they've invited that little flat-Hubbie-Well, if Hyflier had his way he'd put 'em all under the table.-Life.

Wanted to Die Rich.

[Harper's Young People.] Many years ago, according to one of the yarns of the sea told by mariners who claimed to have been present, a British ship having on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars for a house in Rio Janeiro was wrecked on the Brazilian coast. Hoping to save some of his precious cargo the Captain ordered some of the casks containing the gold brought on deck, but the vessel was so badly wrecked by the continuous pounding on the rocks that it was soon found necessary to take to the boats without any of the treasure. As the last boat was about to leave the ill-fated craft, one of the officers, to make sure that no one was left on board, went back to make a last tour of the ship. To his surprise, sitting beside one of the casks with a hatchet in his hand, he found one of the sailors.

"Hurry up!" cried the officer. "We name within an ace of going off without you. "I'm not going," replied the sailor, giving the cask a hearty whack with the hatchet, bursting it open, and laughing with delight as the coin poured out around him. "I've always wanted to die rich. I've been poor all my life, and this is my first and last chance. Go ahead. I'll stay here with my

Argue as he might, the officer could not persuade the fellow to leave the gold with which he played as a child with marbles, and he finally had to leave him to his fate.

> Death of Paul Jones. [The Contury.]

On July 18, in the afternoon, seeing he was fast failing, Gouverneur Morris induced him to draw up his will. It is a simple document in which he divides his property between his sisters, and names Robert Morris as his sole executor.

He was then able to sit up in an arm-chair, and his friends left him to have the will copied into French. They returned at eight o'clock, and witnessed it, after which Paul Jones returned to his bedroom. Presently came the Queen's physician. They all went into the room, and there on the bed, face downward, lay Paul Jones. The great captain was no more: "in peace, after so many storms; in honor, after so much obloquy."

Two days later he was buried. The National Assembly resolved in its procés verbal to send a deputation of 12 members to honor "the memory of Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America—a man who has well served the cause of liberty."

In the funeral discourse over him it was said: "The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality." So long as ships sail the sea will the name Five minutes after they steamed out of

of Paul Jones be respected. His country owes him a great debt; for he truly said, "I Arrived at St. Petersburg, one of the first have ever looked out for the Honor of the men that she met in the hotel gave her the American Flag." And it may be said of him. password that was written for her instruc- as of the great Condé: "This man was born

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronspeedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for
Nervous Debility and all Nervous Compiaints.
Having tested its wonderful curative powers in
thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human
suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish
it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with
full direction for full directions for preparing and using. Sent by

Shaving Set to Music. [Philadelphia Call.] The latest thing in barber shops is a musi-

cal box which the boss of the establishment regulates to sult the times. On Monday, for instance, he keeps the machine up to light opera airs, just fast enough to keep his assistants shaving customers at a nice, steady gait.

Tuesday being a quiet day in the barber business, "Home, Sweet Home" and "You'll Remember Me" are good enough. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the barber confines the musical box to popular selections of a rather lively nature. On Saturdays he puts the reels and jigs on

> An Indian's Mistake. [Harper's Young People.]

They say that two Indians belonging to one of the large American shows of life in the Wild West while visiting London were much interested in the sights to be seen in the London streets. Bay after day they would walk up and down the most crowded streets and gaze on the people and into the shop windows like a pair of children at the circus. One day they stopped before the shop window a wigmaker and stared at the many varieties of wigs on exhibition there until their eyes nearly fell out. Finally one of them nudged the other, and with a shake of his head remarked, "Ugh! mighty brave man! Big fighter; much scalp!"

His Crime.

Mrs. Bay-So you have discharged the foot-Mrs. Ray-Yes; he was criminally incom-

Mrs. Bay-Did he steal anything? Mrs. Ray-Worse. He tucked his grace the Duke's card under the whole pack, when I especially gave a pink tea so that all society

Knew the Painters.

When the late King Charles of Wertenberg was yet Crown Prince, and he was ordered to become engaged to the Russian paper to St. Petersburg two months ago. If she wishes to know who sends her this warning, tell her it is the Russian officer who keeps a piece of trait of her. After regarding it intently, he exclaimed: "How darlingly they have flattered her! The hair is too abundant, the eyes are too brilliant, and the complexion too dainty." The courtiers asked in astonishment: "But does your Royal Highness know the Grand Duchess?" "I do not know her," was the reply, "but I know the court painters."

A Reading View of Kissing.

[Reading Herald.] Kissing the book in court is now out of fashion, and the practice is specially abol ished by statute, but all other forms of kissing go on as before. The kissableness of the smeary, smirchy book is impaired, but the kissability of the kissing girl is unimpaired.

The Difference.

[Harper's Bazar.] "Excuse me," said a clerk in a large store to a customer, "but our rules do not permit us to accept coins with holes in them." "Well, I received that very coin at this store in change only yesterday," protested the customer. "That may be. There is no rule against

> Explained. [Washington Star.]

"Aren't you ashamed," said the philanthropic lady, "to let your little girls go about barefooted as you do?" "Sho', lady," replied Aunt Mirandy, 'dat ain' no 'casion foh indigification. Dis fam'ly is done cotch de Trilby fad."

MARRY THIS GIRL-SOMEBODY Mr. Epiror:—
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